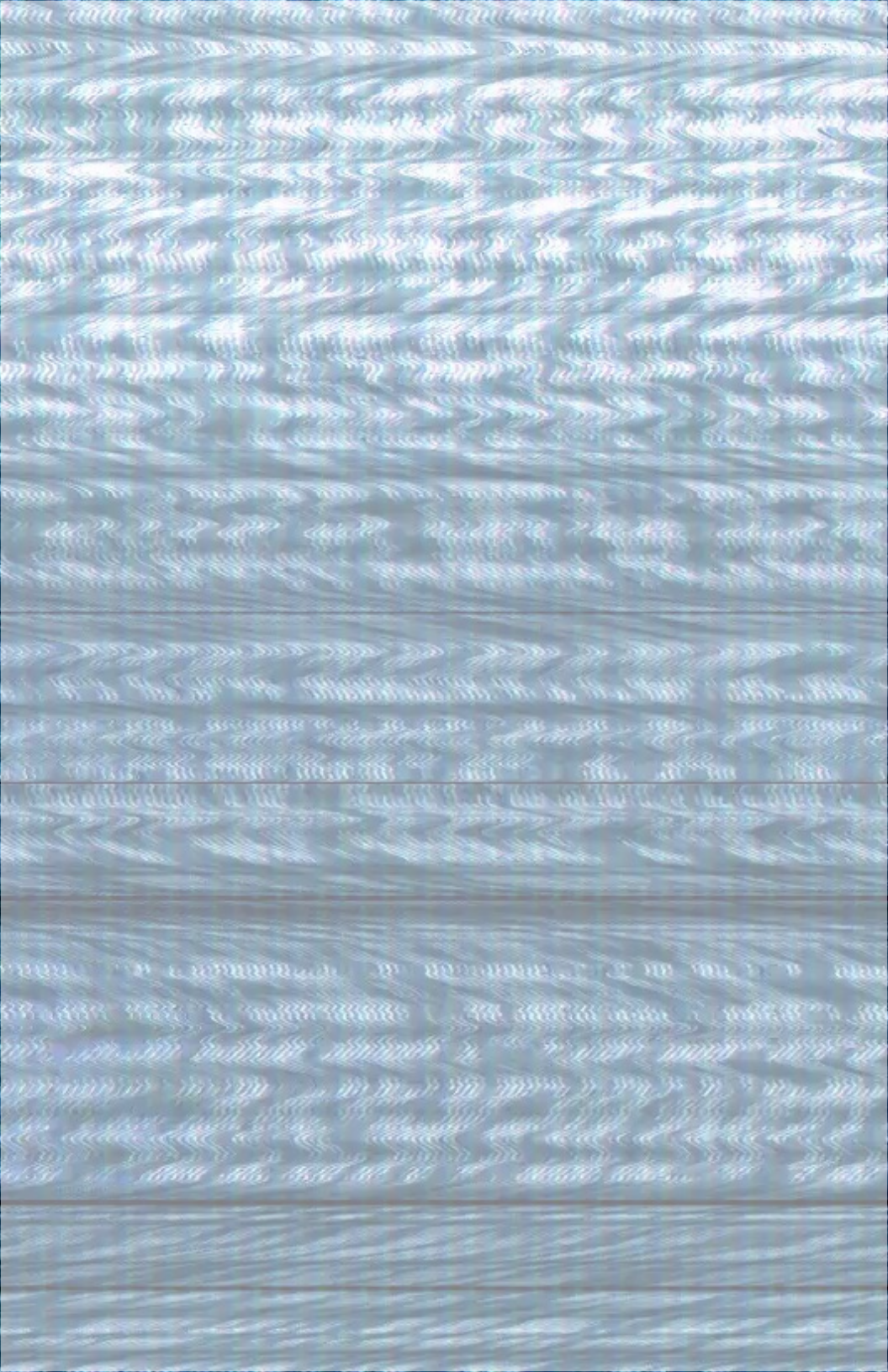
LAST
SATURDAY
KIDS



LAST SATURDAY KIDS

a fanzine celebrating the final days of the Saturday Morning Cartoon

featuring:

Pepper Ann - Alex Rhys robinandcat heypizzaking

Recess - Christy DoodleDittyDaisy

Magic School Bus - Jessica Johannsson starfallart starfall_art

Freakazoid - Shawn Pryor shawnrpryor theshawnpshow

Winx Club - Perry squidcelestial squidcelestialart

Mucha Lucha - J. Hammond jhammond_ART jhammond_art

Fillmore! - Joshua Daniel thenoirguy thenoirguy

House of Mouse - Cecilee sezillee

Bump in the Night - Kristina Arwood artbypizzaface artbypizzaface

Pirates of Dark Water - John "Nih" Roberts Nihehmenh

One Piece - MugenGhostRider ghostridermugen mugenghostrider

Captain N - Ken Kirk osiris_smiles osiris.smiles

Jackie Chan Adventures - Nishi Studios 114nishi nishistudios

Beast Wars - Josh Penrose

Yu-Gi-Oh - Johnathon O. Rose-Lyon JohnathonOscar makestuffstudios

Digimon - Jace "Kiwi" M. low_kiwi low_kiwi

Reboot - Jessie jessierosieart

TMNT (4Kids) - Sage thisintemezzo

Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles - DeLuna

Disney's Doug - Michael Blanton khaosbringer

Shaman King - Bryce Oquaye mrMad100s bmad100s

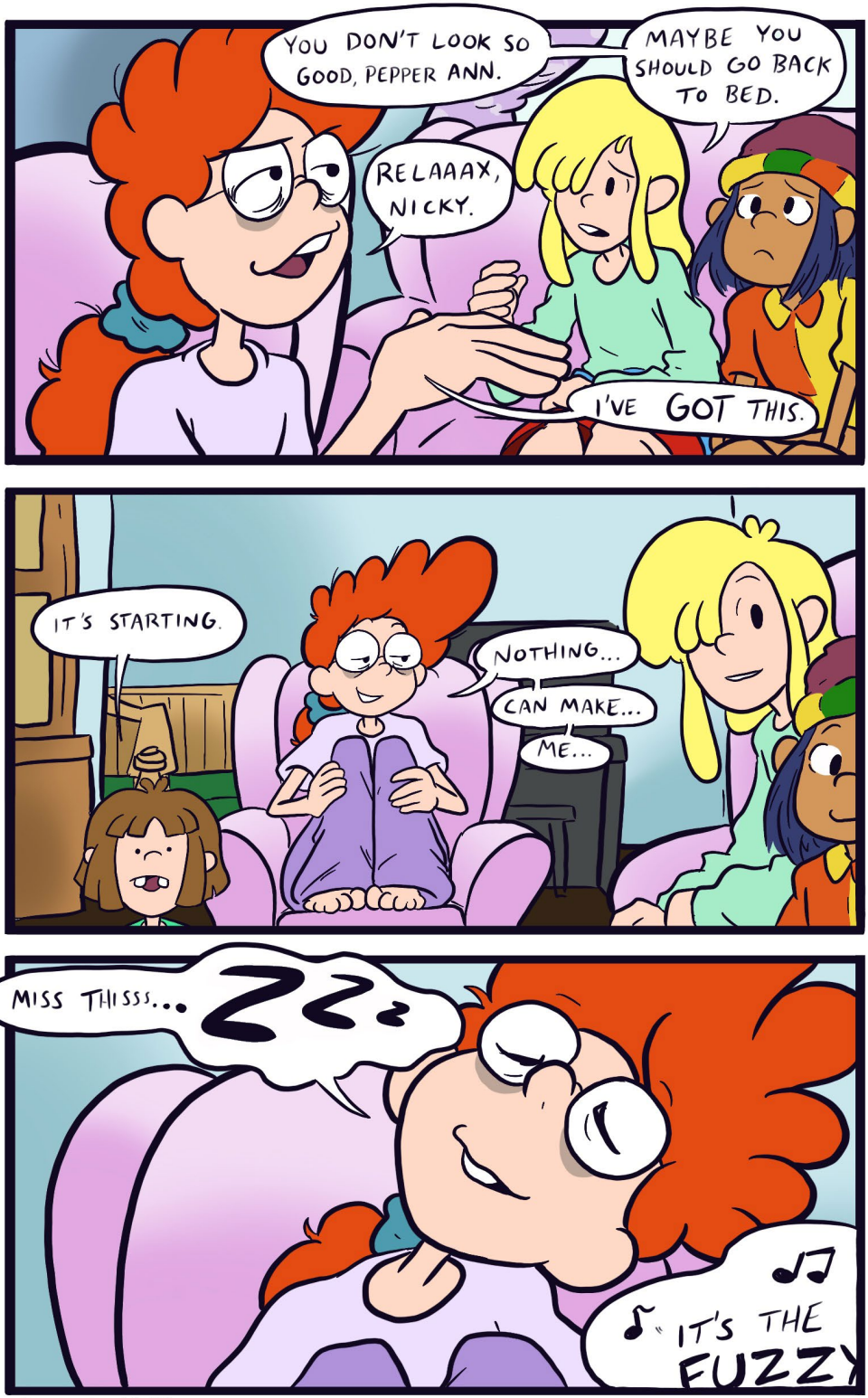
Batman Beyond - Justin Stewart Justin3000 justin3000stewart

Batman: Animated - Corey Fields coreyfieldsart coreyfieldsart

I'M TELLING YOU,
THIS WILL BE BIG!
THE "FUZZY SATURDAY SUPER SHOW" WILL BE MANKIND'S GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT!
BIGGER THAN THE MOON LANDING,
BIGGER THAN WHEN "GREEZY N' CHEEZY" STUFFED A THIRD LAYER OF CHEESE IN THEIR CRUST.
AREN'T YOU BEING A TAD DRAMATIC, PEPPER ANN?
YEAH.
NOTHING COULD BE BETTER THAN THE "THREEZY CHEEZY."

SPEAKING OF...
WANNA GET A PIE?
PEPPER ANN?
FFFUZZZY
I DON'T BELIEVE SHE CAN HEAR US.
TOO MUCH FUZZ ON THE BRAIN.
P.A.! WE'LL BE BACK TOMORROW FOR THE FUZZY SHOW!
COOL ... COOL...
THAT NIGHT
LET'S SEE...
"DEEP SPACE FUZZ,"
"FUZZ ON THE RUN,"
Fuzzy
OH! "FUZZY GOES TO TAMPA!"
THAT'S A GOOD ONE.
I'M SURE I'VE GOT TIME TO READ ALL OF THESE BEFORE BED.

MAYBE YOU SHOULD DIAL THE FUZZY HYPE BACK A BIT.
IT'S GETTING LATE...
AND AT THIS RATE, YOU'LL BE TOO EXCITED TO SLEEP.
PFFT.
OH PLEASE!
MY "HYPE" IS PERFECTLY IN CHECK.
JUST A FEW ISSUES,
THEN I'LL BE CATCHING SOME Z'S IN NO TIME.
I DON'T KNOOOOW...
TRUST ME!
Fuzzy
I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING.
PEPPY! WAKE UP!
NICKY AND MILO ARE HERE!
Fuzzy
...I FORGOT TO SLEEP.


YOU DON'T LOOK SO GOOD, PEPPER ANN.
MAYBE YOU SHOULD GO BACK TO BED.
RELAAAX, NICKY.
I'VE GOT THIS.
IT'S STARTING.
NOTHING...
CAN MAKE...
ME...
MISS THISSS...
ZZz
IT'S THE FUZZY

ALEX RHYS

DUTWEILER'S SIX

SIX IS THE NEW ELEVEN

Jae 19

MY FAVORITE FREAKAZOID MOMENT

BY SHAWN PRYOR

For two seasons and 24 episodes, Kids WB aired an animated superhero comedy series called *Freakazoid*.

Dexter, a "nerd computer ace" who after being sucked into cyberspace on accident, gained the superpowers and identity of a blue-face, black-haired, red pajama-wearing comedic champion of justice known to all as Freakazoid!

By saying the word "FREAKOUT," Dexter would transform into Freakazoid, vowing to right the wrongs of the world, serving justice, and making sure nothing gets in his way.

And then, Sgt. Cosgrove would ask Freakzoid if he wanted "to get some ice cream," which would lead our hero away to get some sherbet delight.

While eating, Cosgrove would remind our hero that he has important work to do. Freakazoid would then leave by using his electric powers, or by sticking his arms forward and running while making swooshing sounds with his mouth, pretending to fly.

Created by Bruce Timm and Paul Dini, *Freakazoid* was initially designed to be a superhero show with light comedic moments sprinkled in-between. But executive producer Steven Speilberg wanted the show to be a pure comedy instead. Freakazoid series writer Tom Ruegger and the team behind the hit series Animaniacs turned up the slapstick and humor, giving us one of the best cult-cartoon series of all time.

I'm sure most of you have your favorite Freakazoid moment. Sgt. Cosgrove asking Freakazoid if he "wanted to get a mint,' or when Freakazoid sang "Bonjour, Lobey" with the villainous Lobe; that time that Freakazoid's most potent enemy and doppelganger, Armando Guitierrez would ask our hero to "laugh with him" maniacally, or there's a Jack Valenti surprise cameo for no apparent reason.

And who could forget the classic Johnny Quest parody called Toby Danger (which pre-dates The Venture Bros and features voices of the cast of Johnny Quest), or the time that Lord Bravery had to change his name legally to "Lord Smoked Meats and Fishes" due to a copyright issue, and our favorite obese duo known as Fatman and Boy Blubber wheezing into action.

There's no way that anyone could make a cartoon called Fatman and Boy Blubber now. It was so wrong, but so right at the same time.

However, my favorite Freakazoid moment is when he received the Freakmobile. The whole episode spent time bashing merchandising and product placement while introducing me to a word I never heard up until the episode aired:

TOYETIC.

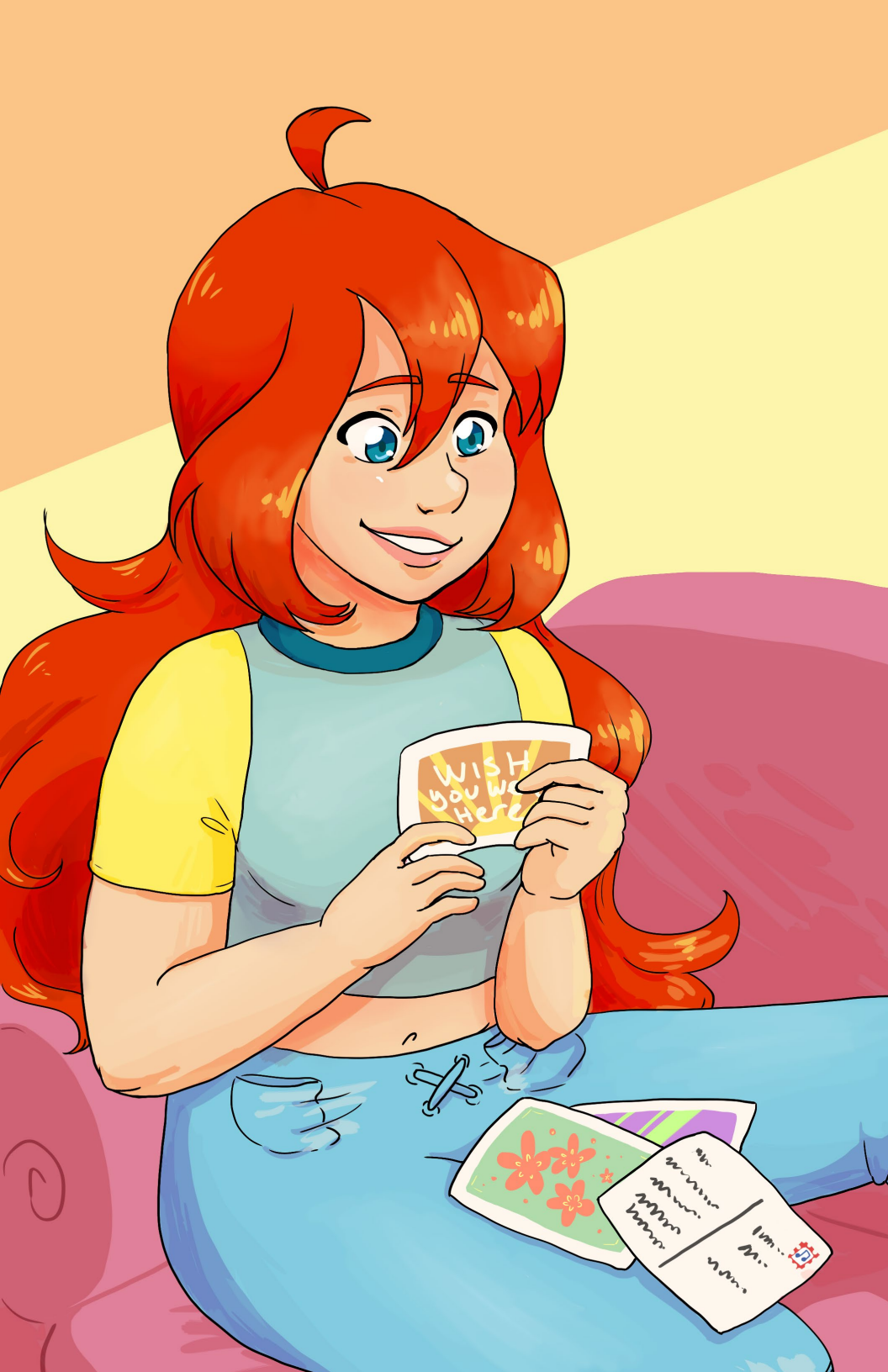
The definition of toyetic refers to how suitable a media property, such as a cartoon, movie or television series, can be used for merchandising tie-in lines of licensed toys, games, and novelties. When Freakazoid receives his Freakmobile in the eighth episode of season one, he yells out "HOW TOYETIC CAN YOU GET," and the show pauses as the word toyetic is placed on the screen as the narrator explains the term.

The word toyetic is attributed to former Kenner toy executive Bernie Loomis. Loomis turned down Speilberg's Close Encounters of the Third Kind as a toy line because he didn't see it as "toyetic enough" to sell. He would later get the rights to Star Wars, and the rest is history.

Upon hearing that word, I became fascinated with how toys were made and the marketing behind them. It changed my feelings on how I collected things, as I learned to see through the hype train of marketing, and it helped me focus more on the things that I enjoyed. I didn't always need to complete a collection or have the new "it" thing that was out there anymore.

The last thing I ever thought is that I would get real-life lessons from one of the silliest and bizarre animated shows ever made. But I did, and I'm thankful for it.

Thank you, Freakazoid. May you one day find the elusive Emmitt Nervend.


WISH
you we
Here

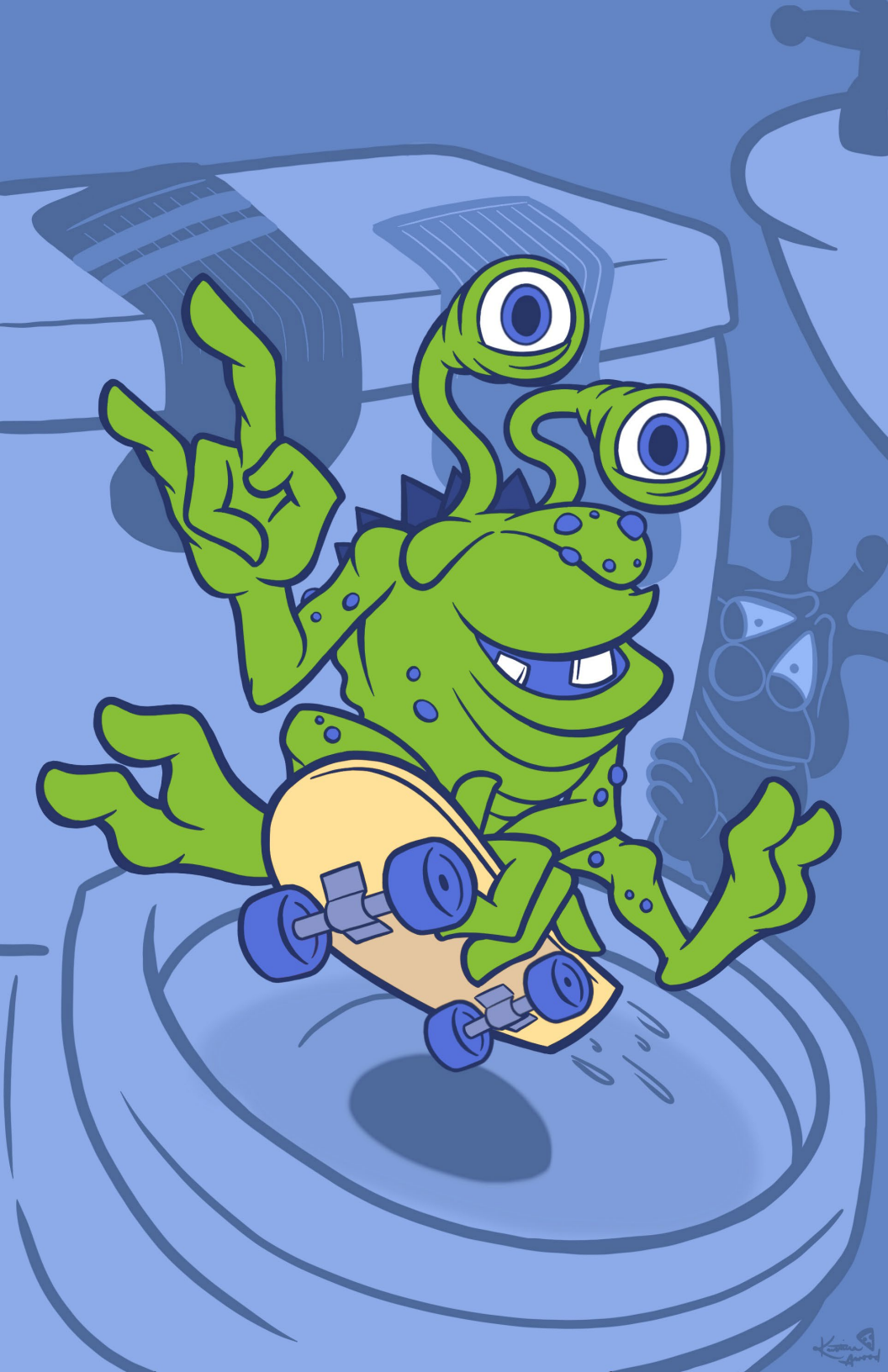
FILLMORE! IN: THE BIG SCORE!

BY JOSHUA DANIEL (@THENOIRGUY)

7:30 AM
WELL YOU'RE HERE BRIGHT AND EARLY.
MM.
HOT CHOCOLATE
FILLMORE! THIRD! MY OFFICE!
SOMEONE STOLE THE ANSWER KEY TO MS. STAPLE'S 2 P.M. MATH TEST!
9:04 AM
I WAS IN CHESS CLUB AND I SAW PETE LEAVE HER ROOM AFTER HOURS.
10:53 AM
WE GOT YOU DEAD TO RIGHTS! TALK!
I WAS ONLY FEEDIN' THE GERBS! BUT IF YOU WANT ANSWERS...
1:03 PM
I'M LOOKING FOR SOME ANSWERS.
HEH. YOU CAME TO THE RIGHT PLACE!
FREEZE! SAFETY PATROL!
YIPE!
AW NUTS! BOXED IN BY MY OWN SHELVES!
IT'S THE BOOK-END OF THE LINE BUDDY!
1:45 PM
WE FOUND THE ANSWER KEY IN YOUR LOCKER.
IT WAS GIVEN TO ME ANONYMOUSLY!
YOU EXPECT US TO BELIEVE THAT?

3:00 PM
CASE IS CLOSED, SCHOOL'S OUT, GO HOME FILLMORE.
SOME-THING DOEN'T ADD UP.
3:40 PM
STOP! SAFETY PATROL!
3:55 PM
DANG IT! THEY'VE JAMMED THE DOOR!
SSSS
AND THIS VOLCANO'S ABOUT TO BLOW!
4:38 PM
3 KIDS' PROJECTS WERE RUINED!
I WANT YOUR BADGES AND SASHES NOW!
5:01 PM
FOLSUM FINDS OUT YOURE DOING EXTRACURRICULARS, IT'S DETENTION.
YEAH. YOU WITH ME?
ALWAYS, PARTNER.
5:47PM
DID ANY-ONE ACT ODD YESTERDAY?
WELL, THERE WAS ONE...
6:13PM
IT WAS YOU.
YOU DIDN'T STEAL THE ANSWER KEY TO CHEAT OR ACT OUT...
YOU DID IT TO COVER UP GET-TING BACK YOUR PHONE.
HM. TOO BAD YOU CAN PROVE IT.
6:45 PM
SORRY MISS, WE'LL HAVE TO CONFISCATE THIS UNTIL THE INVESTIGATION IS OVER.
NO! YOU CAN'T! ALRIGHT FINE! I DID IT!
6:57 PM
SO HOW'D YOU GET HER TO CONFESS?
SHE DIDN'T CARE ABOUT RULES OR PUNISH-MENT, SHE JUST CARED ABOUT HER PHONE.
HM. HERE. GO HOME FILLMORE. I'LL SEE YA TOMORROW.
BRIGHT AND EARLY.
THE END?

"DONALD'S DUDS FOR THE DAY"
HMM...
AUGUS
PICNIC WITH THE BOYS... HOUSE OF MOUSE SHIFT...
... AND WHEN AM I EVER GOING TO WEAR THIS?
TO BE CONTINUED!



ENDLESS DARK WATERS

BY JOHN "NIH" ROBERTS

Frustration. The emotional burden of childhood. Frustration that comes with adults ignoring you. Frustration that builds from being told you're too little, insinuations that you couldn't understand. Solace from frustration found only in the things you can control. Small happiness found in unstructured, unconnected animated stories that visit once a week. *Saturday!* The magical morning where the only things that matter are you and the wonderful worlds that whisk you away. But what if the story has an ending? A conclusion the characters are all running towards? One promised from the first episode but never reached? **Frustration.** This time not at a parent, the world or society. Frustration at one of the few things that matter most. For many, their first taste of the story unended came beamed from ABC. From the planet of Mer, the high seas adventure of *The Pirates of Dark Water.*

Good vs. evil on the high seas! Brave Ren, comedic Niddler, strong Tula, and aloof Ioz join forces to fight the evils of Captain Bloth and stop the spread of the lethal Dark Water. Every Saturday you could smell the sea air and feel the sun shine down as the brave heroes navigated the dangerous seas in search of the lost 13 Treasures of Rule. With these treasures, as the legend told, one could control the Dark Water. A pitch black entity that consumed all around it slowly creeping across the seas of Mer. With every hero there must be a villain, few more villainous than the brutal Bloth. A mountain of flesh and malice that captained The Maelstrom. A ship so immense it had both its own sewer system and monster lurking the catacombs. A swashbuckling fantasy that breaks up the norm of the thirty minute commercials that surrounded it on Saturday mornings. OJ and cereal in hand young minds tuned in waiting to see how the courageous crew of The Wraith managed to steal away the 13 jewels needed for Mer's salvation. That is, when the viewer could find the show.

No great story can come without strife! Not by the making of Bloth or even the controller of Dark Water itself, the Dark Dweller. Ren and his crew faced something far more complex. The diabolical Three Piece Suit. Using their powers of Market Research, the Suits released a five part mini-series on Fox Kids. An introduction and seduction to welcome children to the world of Mer. Tune in for episode 6? No luck! For unseen and (one can assume) dark purposes,

The Pirates of Dark Water was shipped off to ABC. The well seasoned cartoon viewer was trained to dance between channels so no large worries. You may catch a glimpse of a commercial for Dark Water or maybe an episode in progress and now you are set. Back clashing swords, casting spells! 13 episodes, 13 weeks of high adventure before the all too familiar gloom of the summer rerun. Half of Mer had been freed from the horror of Dark Water, victory was on the sunny horizon! So, nothing to worry about. This is the ebb and flow of television that the young viewer has become accustomed to. As summer screams by and fall approaches the young viewer is blind to the workings behind the screen! Toy sales? Flat! Ratings? Nothing special. Fast-food tie ins? Didn't move the margins! The ruling came down like a thunderous blow! *The Pirates of Dark Water* would be boxed up, shipped out and settled into a new home. The cursed wasteland of First Run Syndication!

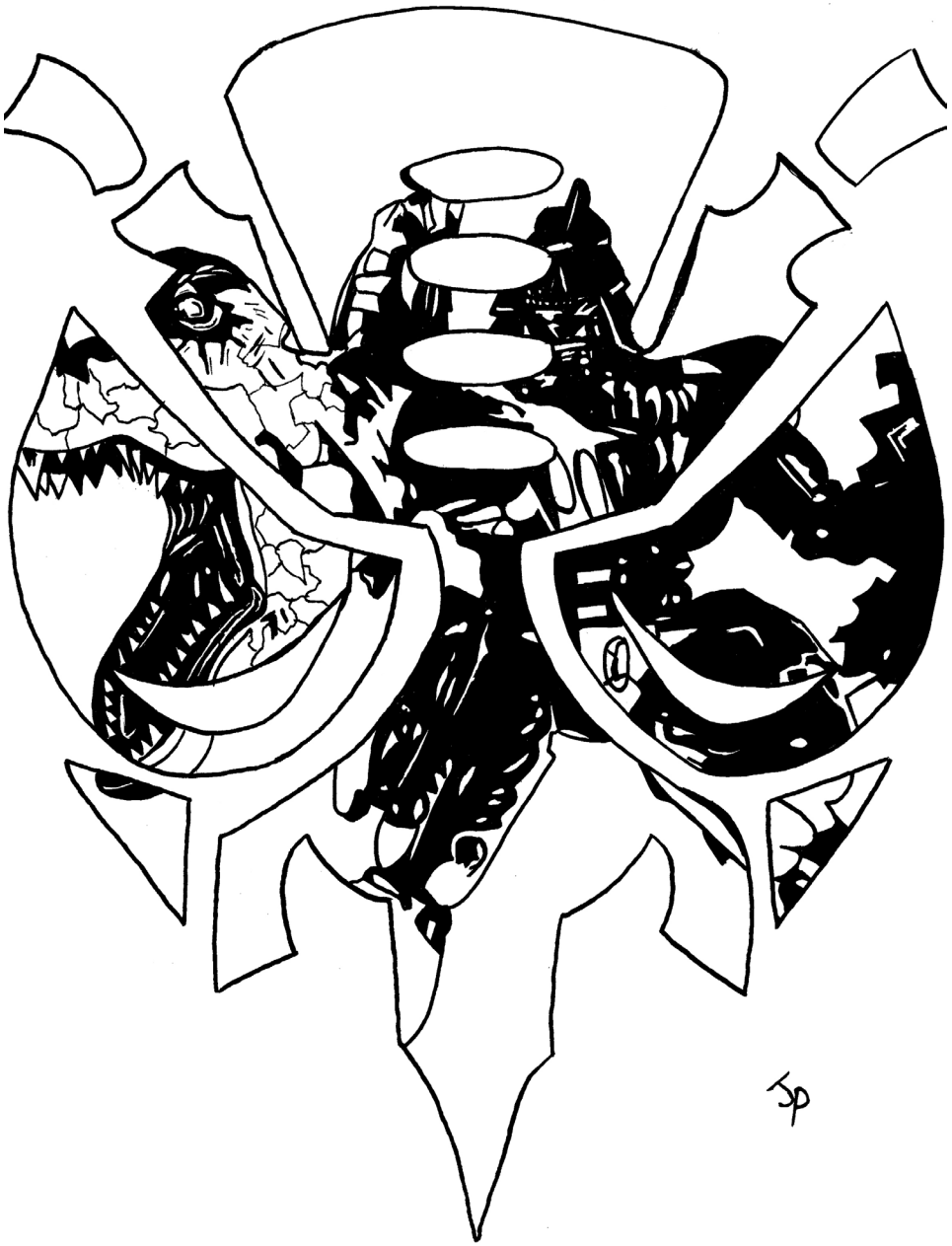
The plight of a cartoon in first run syndication is a sad lot. No real home, floating from network to network praying that they'll find your block of programing cheap enough to fill the hole in their earliest morning programing. No longer are you surrounded with the bright lights of popular shows or propped up with alluring commercials for sugary delights. No. Your only companions are the morning Farm Report and other cartoons not worthy of the big time. The story of Ren would not go down fighting however! Even in the dregs of an animation dungeon *The Pirates of Dark Water* came back with 8 all new episodes carrying on the story to a sure conclusion! There were changes, Ioz may have sounded different but so did Niddler at first. Animation wasn't as crisp but who has an eye for that sort of thing when they are in the middle of wonders? *The Pirates of Dark Water* had a home with new stories! This was a cause for celebration! With 8 of the 13 Lost Legendary Treasures in hand Ren was on the cusp of victory, Mer was nearing peace! They got neither. No, Bloth did not succeed in his murderous rampage. No, the Dark Dweller didn't cover Mer with Dark Water. No, the true tale simply stopped with 21 episodes. No ride into the sunset, no grand adventure on the horizon. Just a non-ending loop of a tale that would reset every 21 weeks. Back to the beginning. No end in sight. **Frustration.**

The Pirates of Dark Water loop rolled into the arms of Turner Broadcasting where it became background radiation. Just another show to fill up time on Ted's newest network of cartoons. The hope for an ending, any ending, became so great that the good people at Cartoon Network decided the best thing to do was promise one! A lost episode that lead the series to a glorious THE END! Which turned out to be a viewer's first introduction to the fine art of the network prank. And so Ren, Tula...Mer itself were boxed up. Shelved.

Forgotten. Forgotten? If forgotten, then why this writing? If forgotten, where does the emotion creating by merely saying "noy jitat" come from? Only things that end can be forgotten!

There's beauty in the unfinished. The alluring mystery of what could have been, what should have been. An unlimited freeing of your mind to write the adventure of your choosing! How would an animated *Pirates of Dark Water* ended? Basic. How does that adventure end when you're in charge? Limitless! From that blank canvas comes the fantastic. Frustration? No more. Frustration becomes **Creation!** The story is saved from the grasp of the Three Piece Suit and handed to you to finish. In your mind, in your art, with your pen. Or it can remain unfinished. An incomplete wonder that fuels your imagination. The only imagination fuel that can be possible through the incompleteness of animation. Animation that could only have existed through the long remembered Saturday Mornings!

DON'T
GIVE UP!
MugeN GhosT RideR


JP

THE HAM-FISTED LITERARY BRILLIANCE OF YU-GI-OH!

BY JOHNATHON O. ROSE-LYON

Yu-Gi-Oh! knows more about life than all of us dummies. Like, actually.

For the less-hip among us: *Yu-Gi-Oh!* (which I'll refer to as the informal "*Yugioh*" from now on, because I'm still a solid two cups of coffee away from coping with that much punctuation) is a manga, an anime, a trading card game, a bunch of video games, I wanna say a gumball-eyed popsicle. Your usual late-'90s, omni-media, merch-wringing, Toys-R-Us-able fare. Except, y'know, it possesses all of the secrets to obtaining a meaningful and happy life on this earth.

Our story revolves around Yugi Muto and his three friends: authentic New Yorker Joey Wheeler, human Tinder profile Tristan Taylor, and singular responsible human being Téa Gardner. They occupy a world in which one's daily life and the entirety of the global economy is based around a strategic card game called "Duel Monsters". AKA a utopia.

For Yugi, things really kick off when the soul of his grandfather is kidnapped by Duel Monsters creator and queer icon Maximillion Pegasus. Oh and also Yugi's body is occasionally possessed by the spirit of an ancient pharaoh thanks to the cursed Egyptian relic he wears around his neck. Oh and also that pharaoh regularly banishes people's souls to the Shadow Realm for losing a card game or sometimes a dice roll. Kid's show.

For me, things really kicked off when my soul was kidnapped by puberty. Just up and took it. Swapping it, Indiana-Jones-bag-of-sand-style, with a social anxiety disorder so bad I started faking sick at least once a week to miss school. But I'd never miss WB on Saturday mornings. NEVER miss *Yugioh*. The ham-fisted "friendship is the solution to all life-endangering problems" message of the show was peak dorky, but those cards were cool and HOLD ON, I CAN OWN THOSE IN THE REAL WORLD?? DON'T SAY THAT UNLESS YOU MEAN IT, BECAUSE THIS WILL BE MY ENTIRE LIFE NOW, YOU THINK I'M KIDDING.

Friendship is the solution to all life-endangering problems. Someone kidnap your grandpa's soul? Just friendship it back. Is Joey going to get eaten by an orca or something? Just shout some friendship at him, he'll be good. An ancient evil has been revived and moves the world ever closer to annihilation? Have you tried friendship on it? No? Okay, you're gonna wanna try friendship on it then.

I guess what I'm saying is the literary themes of *Yugioh* put the "b" in subtle.

The world moves ever closer to annihilation. Which is a healthy thing to think about near-constantly in the 6th grade. The social anxiety takes up more and more space in my brain. No one's falling for the faking sick anymore. So I start making myself throw up. I kick a wooden step with my bare foot as hard as I can until the big toe fractures. I limp to the nearest parent to tell them I ran up the stairs too fast, stubbed my toe, it's broke, gotta go to the emergency room. Got to skip a whole two days of school from that.

I fake sick so much that I actually become sick. They finally give up and just homeschool me. The destruction of my entire life is more of a relief than anything, really.

But I still go to *Yugioh* tournaments at the local comic shop. I'm *excited* to do it. Every Tuesday my stomach would miraculously heal. Must be the power of friendship.

Did I mention that Yugi – a timid, awkward, endearing-by-way-of-pity kid – becomes *possessed by the soul of an ancient pharaoh during card games*? Who's all baritone and confident and very good at trading card games much like all other pharaohs famously are? Did I mention that?

Anyway, the show evolves. There's still Friendship as far as the eye can see, but as we enter the *impeccable* Battle City arc, the characters start playing by the actual rules of the actual card game (TWO TRIBUTES for that Dark Magician, Yugi, thank you very much). Things become more complex and strategic and *satisfying*. My obsession obsesses even more obsessively.

I'm playing the game competitively now. Everything is more complex and strategic and *satisfying*. And I'm actually good at it. *Great* at it. I'm consistently winning my local tournaments. Placing higher and higher at regionals. Higher and higher until I finally get first. First gets you the invite to Nationals.

A confidence comes with that. The timid, awkward, endearing-by-way-of-so-much-pity kid sits down at a table across from a total stranger and transforms. The psychology of the game was my favorite part. The bluffing. The confidence. The charm. Countless opponents turned into friends.

I felt like *me*. Or the me I wanted to be took over my body. A kid possessed.

Dad got a job down in Florida. They dragged me down there with promises of Disney residential passes. My first week there I'm too sick to go to the new school. End of my first week there I get my new homeschooling course intros. My voice is sore from the shouting matches with my mother.

My second week there I show up at the local tournament. The sore voice makes a more pleasing baritone. Confident Card-Playing Me makes quick friends of the lot of 'em.

We end in Egypt. The pharaoh's soul has separated from Yugi's body. The closest bond Yugi ever had has severed. And now Yugi has to duel him. Duel against part of himself. To finally send the pharaoh back to the afterlife. (Not in a "I banish thee, foul demon" sorta way, but in a "it's time for me to go home" sorta way.) And to finally show that Yugi is strong enough to make it on his own.

But it'll be okay. Yugi'll be okay, because he has his friends and uh oh I'm crying on my keyboard I probably shouldn't do that uh oh.

I'm starting to think it's not going to be okay. That's one of the easier things to think when you're months away from 18, don't know how to drive, never had a job, dropped out of school. I was laying in bed one night and, couldn't tell you why, but I realized that I needed to confront myself. I needed to show that I was strong enough to make it on my own. I'd seen that part of me before – confident and charming and brilliant. I couldn't let the crippling social anxiety bury them anymore.

I spent the summer learning to drive. Aced the GED and ACT. Got into a cheap college. Moved out of my parent's house and into the world the day I turned 18. The only reason I could afford to do it was because I had a roommate. A friend from the local *Yugioh* tournaments.

I could've so easily ended up an eccentric recluse, not unlike living Pride flag to whom we should all pledge our allegiance, Maximillion Pegasus. But I survived instead. I battled through it.

And I couldn't have done it alone. The ones watching over my shoulder and cheering when I pulled off an especially bonkers combo. The ones staying up late swapping deck building ideas with me over AIM. The one who introduced me to all of my favorite comics and therefore to the idea, "Hey, maybe I should write these things for a living someday?" The one who lived with me for three years and watched me become the mostly-fully-functioning adult I am today.

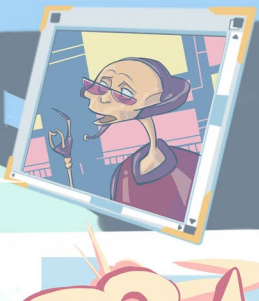
The friends. The Friendships. They were the most important part of the whole thing. The ham-fisted literary theme of my adult life.

Turns out *Yugioh* knows more about life than all of us dummies.

I come from the Net. Through systems, peoples and cities to this place: Mainframe.
My format: **Guardian**. To Mend and Defend.

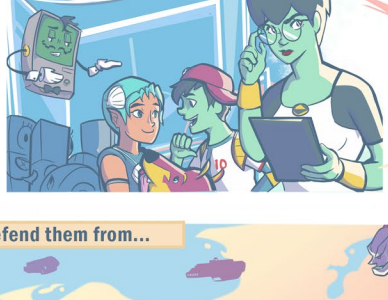
Bob! I have reports of Megabyte heading for a tear at...

Dots Diner! Get there quick!



On Dot's special day? *I dont think so!*

To defend my new-found friends, their hopes and dreams.



To defend them from...

Celebrating too soon aren't we Ms. Matrix?

...their enemies.

Step away from the Tear and I won't *seriously* maim anyone

If you think we're going to let you walk into the Net you've got another thing coming!

Bob's gonna take you out! Log Off, Fatal Error, System Crash, No Restart!

I wouldn't be so sure

Hi Bob! Morning Bob! We're taking this! No more cheating! Now we can cheat!

With the power of your *Key Tool* nothing can stop me now!

Will Megabyte infect the net? Will Enzo jump into danger? Does Dot have a plan to save Bob? Is another adventure doomed to end in a *cliffhanger*? Watch more on our monthly subscription for only **$9999.99!**

MIKE!

JESSIE ROSIE

END

Cowabunga!!!
Time for Saturday morning cartoons!!
Seriously, Mikey?
Don't you have anything better to do?
As a matter of fact: no.
ughhh
Because nothing is better than this.

end.

IG: @Seniordeluna

KINGDOM QUAIL

BY MICHAEL PAUL BLANTON

From the planet Bob X Prime, in a far away galaxy hundreds of light years away, one man was sent to Protect the planet from Evil. To protect them ... from themselves.

In the Thistle of Secrets, deep in one of Earth's darkest forests ...

Quailman surveys the banks of monitors in front of him. Bad news. All of it. On every channel, at every hour. Reports of the world going ... wrong.

Weather patterns were out of whack, bringing storms to areas unprepared for them. Family homes being destroyed. Wildlife losing their habitats.

Violence was erupting in cities across the world. Crime was rampant in almost every populated center. Guns, theft, corruption. People were asking ... begging ... for their heroes.

It was too much. All of the pain. All of the suffering. Quailman turns away from the screens, walking away. Quaildog II follows after him.

The world has grown ... darker. Walking through the Hall of Memories, framed newspapers hung in the thick shrubs that counted for walls in the Thistle.

SILVER SUPERHERO SAILS PAST SATURN

Silver Skeeter had become disillusioned with Earth. He left for interstellar space and ... never came back. Quailman's Deep Space Satellite base has not picked up any signal of him for months. His presence was missed, as he and Quailman worked well together.

RUBBERSUIT RETIRES ROAMING REBEL

Supersport had been injured during a battle with Rubbersuit and retired from crime-fighting. He still speaks with children in hospitals and schools about his time as a hero. He's happy being able to do that, at least. Yet ... that was one less champion in the fight against evil.

MATERIAL GIRL GOES MISSING

Material Girl disappeared only a few weeks ago. Quailman himself helped search for her, to no luck yet. He hoped she was okay, or that some clue would turn up soon. But that also meant one less champion.

VON KLOTZ WINS! ELECTION RESULTS FINAL

Dr. Klotzenstein was president now. Quailman couldn't understand how he had won. It seemed like a joke to him. Surely he wouldn't be elected. In his Baron Von Klotz guise, he had been able to steal the election away, winning by the narrowest of margins.

Quailman entered the Rotunda of Vigilance, where his communication control center was. Every phone was lit. People asking for help. Hoping to get through. He was only one man. And dog. Sometimes it was too much. Sometimes, all he wanted was to ...

FLY AWAY!

But his commission from the Grand Elders required him to serve. As much as he felt he wasn't doing any good. Nothing changed. He took the closest phone and answered it. It was another hurricane. A transport ship had capsized off the coast. Quailman responds that he is coming be and flies away with a qwistle. Quaildog II followed after him, barking in the same manner.

Douglas Yancy Funnie pulls the light over top of his drafting board away, crumpling the pages he had just drawn, and tossing them behind him. Tenderloin, his old dog Porkchop's son, wrestled with the paper on the floor.

He was not happy with the work he was producing right now. Thirty two years old, he had been making *Quailman* comics professionally for 10 years now, getting the first one published right after college.

It was a different world though. He had tried to keep up, making changes to keep the story fresh and interesting. But ... it wasn't fun for him anymore. The lore was too complex. He'd created it, and even he had to go on the internet for help sometimes. Characters had died, came back, and died again over the run of the book.

Doug missed the days when he made *Quailman* for him and his friends to enjoy. Sitting around after school, laughing about how Doug has interpreted one of their over-dramatic crises. Man. That takes him back. It had been ages. Everybody had jobs that kept them from hanging out much.

He could give Skeeter a call. See if he would want to have dinner. And Chalky. Bebe. And Patti. He hadn't seen Patti in ages. She had moved away after school ... but was back in Bluffington again. It would be good to see them all again. If even for just a night.

Possibly even Mayor Klotz. He had mellowed a bit since school. He could still be a bit of a pain, but having a wife and two kids kept him too busy to cause much trouble.

Maybe he could get that magic back again. Remember what it was like to make things for FUN. Doug pulled out his cellphone making a group message for the invite. It was so easy to communicate with people now, but it was still so rare.

Tenderloin was still fighting with the crumpled paper on the floor. The paper was winning. He was still such a puppy. Doug remembers when Porkchop was that young. He sighs. Times had changed. He missed his friend. Watching Tenderloin play though, made him think.

Sometimes going back to the basics was best.

Maybe ...

It was time ... for a *REBOOT*.

Far away, in another galaxy, lies a strange planet populated with people who posses powers far superior to any known on Earth.

Planet Bob, birthplace of the Earth's most powerful hero.

QUAILMAN! And his faithful companion, **QUAILDOG!**

Yes, **QUAILMAN!** Strange visitor from the planet Bob, whose lifelong mission on Earth is to do good.

QUAILMAN! Whose quail-like powers give him the ability to *BOB! DART!* And *STUPIFY* all enemies with his ever-powerful **QUAIL-EYE!**

QUAILMAN! Fighting a never-ending battle for truth, justice, and the way of the quail!

Commissioned by the planet of Bob's Council of Elders, **QUAILMAN** came to Earth and found a home! Living in his top, **TOP** secret hiding place - The **THICKET OF SOLITUDE.**

These are the **NEW ADVENTURES OF QUAILMAN!**

A SATURDAY MORNING IN GOTHAM
ROBIN, I'VE TAKEN CARE OF CLAYFACE. I'M HEADED BACK TO THE BATCAVE.
ROBIN, DO YOU READ ME?
'SKZZZ' HA HA HA HA HA HA 'SKZZZ'
HA
HA
HA
NO, IT CAN'T BE...
HA HA HA
HA HA HA
JOKER!

HANG ON, ROBIN!
VRRROOOOMM!
MINUTES LATER...IN THE BATCAVE

CRUNCH! CRUNCH! HEY, BATMAN! WANT TO WATCH SOME CARTOONS?
CRUNCH! CRUNCH!
YOU'RE SITTING ON YOUR COMMUNICATOR.
OH. OOPS.
GULP!
That's all Folks!
HA HA HA
HRRM.
THE END
ART AND STORY BY COREY FIELDS

Thank You For Reading!

Special thanks goes to Six Bomb Boards,
run by Justin Stewart. This local artist community inspired
and supported this zine from the very beginning. I couldn't
have made it without them.

Follow Six Bomb Boards on Facebook
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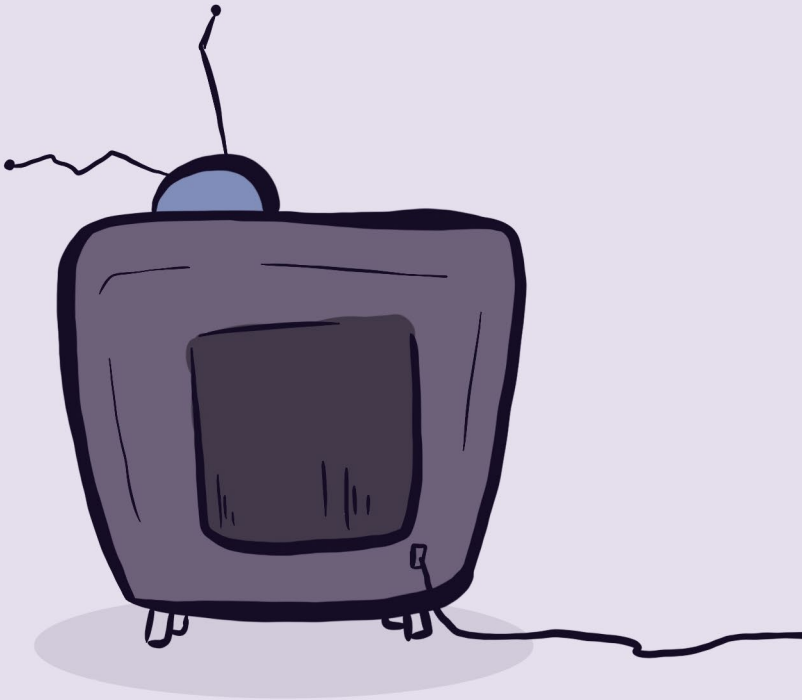
special convention events!



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